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The OUTLOOK *of* MISSIONS



CHINESE MADONNA

*Courtesy of American Bureau
for Medical Aid to China.*

The Outlook of Missions

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Our Motto: *The Church a Missionary Society—Every Christian a Life Member*

Last Christmas in China

*Extract of letter from Rev. J. Kenneth Kohler
Yuanling, Hunan, China*

DAY before Christmas Miss Weil and I went to Wu Su, a little town up the North River some ten miles from here. We took bedding and a carrier and walked the entire distance in about four hours. There's a tiny street chapel in Wu Su under the charge of one of our evangelists, a Mr. Liu. Liu and his assistant welcomed us with open arms. I soon got to know the few Christian men and women and amused them immensely with my ridiculous Chinese. Christmas Eve about five o'clock we had a meeting at which Miss Weil and I spoke. I told how American children hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve. Several recitations were given by children. After this meeting we had tea for the whole congregation and their visitors. At eight we returned to the worship room for a regular service and speech by a young Chinese woman evangelist. At nine-thirty I went to my bare, unheated room, took off my overcoat and wrapping myself in my six-pound *bei wah* went to sleep on straw-covered boards.

Next morning I was awakened at 4:30 by the ringing of a small bell wielded by Preacher Liu's determined hands. By six everybody was ready for early morning carols. Ten o'clock another meal, this time a real feast. At eleven we were escorted to a river boat by the pastor and his shadow, the assistant.

We reached Yuanling at four o'clock on Christmas Day and I am just now getting thawed out. The whole experience is so vivid and so pathetic that I can't forget it.

The pastor with his poor eyes, his constant ringing of the bell to get his flock together, his wistful asking about American preachers' opportunities for education and "What has happened to the Christians in Japan?" He faces discouragements beside which my parish difficulties in America fade into insignificance.

This is what he has: *First*, a congregation of about twenty people including several clean-faced, bright-eyed ladies, an old, old school teacher, whose wife has left him, a crusty old man with matted hair and dirty clothes, various soldiers, street urchins and bare-breasted, baby-hugging mothers who come in from the streets; *second*, a church room, tiny and bare save for a few Sunday-school pictures on the wall, some ten or more benches, a cheap pulpit and an atmosphere strikingly similar to a cave; *third*, a city, filthy and noisy, pressing in on his tiny congregation at worship, fire-crackers going off, a man beating a gong, a hundred voices yelling Chinese street talk—all while we tried to preserve a semblance of the Christian worship spirit; *fourth*, no music leadership but his own voice which is as powerfully squeaky and dominating as mine. This is Liu, and this is Christianity in Wu Su. O God, I could cry at the pathos of it all, but I won't because neither Liu nor God would be helped if I did. And again I suppose there is more reason to pity the blank-faced people of the street because in them there was not even the spark of hope, the stirring to reach upward which characterized Liu and his twenty Christians.

Women and Missions

A. V. CASSELMAN

IT was not a mere coincidence but a very significant fact that immediately after the adoption of the constitution of the Women's Guild at its first convention in Louisville, Ky., on November 5th, the first official act of the newly constituted organization was the reception of greetings from the Board of International Missions. This was most fitting and appropriate because of the vital interest of the women of the Church in the missionary enterprise of the Church. There are special reasons for this fact.

The women of the Church have always been conscious of what Christianity has done for womankind. And they are devoutly thankful. They know that they owe much, and many of the precious things they possess, to the Christian Gospel. Jesus recognized the supreme value of the personality of woman. Jesus was the only founder of a world religion who made a high place for woman in His system and its Gospel; and He is the only founder of a world religion who ever had anything good to say of a little girl. A meeting like the magnificent organization meeting of the Women's Guild would be utterly impossible under any other than Christian auspices. One cannot conceive of such a gathering sponsored by Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Confucianism or Shintoism. It is no mere accident that every one of the great denominations of the American Church has a woman's board of missions or a woman's missionary society or auxiliary of some sort. This is inherent in the very spirit of the Gospel of Jesus.

Then women are naturally sympathetic to human suffering. Perhaps this is true because of the fact that they have always borne the major portion of the suffering of mankind. Be that as it may, it is true that charity and pity and compassion and the finer calls for human helpfulness have always appealed strongly to women. No agency has laid open to view the suffering of the human race as has the missionary enterprise of the Christian Church, and it is the most natural thing in the world for

the women of the Church to respond to the appeal of this human need.

Then, too, the women of the Church are the mothers of the Church. They have mothers' hearts. They are naturally keenly interested in the girls of the world. It is not surprising that one of the first missionary causes to attract their attention and challenge their interest was that of the education of girls. They were the pioneers in the education of girls on the mission field, as the high schools and colleges of the Church in India, Japan, China, Honduras and Iraq bear significant testimony. The hearts of the mothers of the Church just as naturally went out to the children of the world and the sympathetic mothering of these children and their Christian education has always appealed strongly to the women of the Church. The girls and children of the world owe a debt of immense gratitude to the women of the Christian Church.

Finally, women are just naturally more religious than men. They are not theologians. They are concerned not so much with the philosophy of religion as with the practice of religion, and they have "chosen the better part". They sense intuitively the essence of Christianity and its Gospel. Because of this they seem to be deeply aware of the fact that the supreme purpose of Jesus is to give every living soul in the world a fair chance to know and believe His Gospel.

In the past the women of the Church have made no small contribution to the missionary enterprise of the Church. The Woman's Missionary Society of the Reformed Church has given \$1,500,000 to Foreign Missions and an equal amount to Home Missions. One-fifth of the work of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church was made possible by gifts of the Woman's Missionary Society. Approximately the same sort of thing can be said of the Women's Union of the Evangelical Synod. Is it too much to hope that in the future this magnificent record of the past will not only be continued but surpassed in the new Women's Guild?

National Missions

CHARLES E. SCHAEFFER

Editor

Resolution of Sympathy

THE Board of National Missions regrets that it is necessary to record the passing away on August 6, 1941, of one of its most valuable members in the person of Dr. Emory L. Coblentz. Dr. Coblentz was a member of the Board of Home Missions of the Reformed Church for twenty-four years, and when the new Board of National Missions of the Evangelical and Reformed Church was elected, he was one of the two laymen chosen. His experience as an attorney and a business man and as an active churchman eminently qualified him for this important position. His counsel and wisdom and deep spiritual devotion and his sincere concern for the welfare of the Church and the Kingdom, made him of such worth to the Board that his departure is a great loss, and will be deeply felt, not only in the Board, but throughout the entire denomination. Seldom does the Church possess a leader of such varied talents and

such pronounced qualifications, coupled with a commanding Christian character and devout consecration to the work of the Christian enterprise, as centered in Dr. Coblentz. His standing in his community, his position in his state, his place in the life of the nation, his leadership in the sphere of higher education, was on a par with his high ranking in religious circles and in the Church that he loved, and to which he gave so much of his time and strength.

It is difficult to fathom the workings of Divine Providence, but we bow in humble submission to the Will of God, whom, we as Christians, believe doeth all things well. We express our sincere Christian sympathy to the bereaved family, and commend them to the Heavenly Father "who comforteth us in all our affliction".

The Board of National Missions.

Introducing the Soft Felt Hat

CHARLES E. SCHAEFFER

ON December 4, 1851, a man of medium size, of dark complexion, full bearded excepting part of the chin, gracious in manner and eloquent in speech, with his wife, equally dark in complexion, with a strong and beautiful face, landed at Staten Island, New York, and was given one of the most enthusiastic welcomes ever accorded to any person on these American shores. He wore the dress of his people from whom he had come and one of the strange features of his garb was a soft felt hat crowning his head. This type of headwear was then wholly unknown in the

United States, but it was so becoming to this visitor, that it soon became a fad, especially among the smarter set, and is now generally in use. Its comfort and convenience, especially among motorists, is universally acknowledged. The man who first wore this kind of hat in America was a Hungarian, named Louis Kossuth.

Our Hungarian brethren in this country have this fall been duly observing the 90th anniversary of the visit of this distinguished character to America. He was accompanied by a Reformed minister, Gedeon

Acs, who preached the first sermon in Hungarian in this country in New York City.

The story of Louis Kossuth and his sojourn in America reads like a romance. It is so long ago, that the remembrance of that visit has almost died out. It is well, however, to recall some of its principal features. In the struggle by the Hungarians against the oppression of Austria, Kossuth rose up as the champion of his people's rights, and, remembering that twice in its history Hungary had been the greatest power in Europe, he once more rallied his people to make a bold stand for liberty. But he was arrested, blindfolded, and put into a dungeon. After three years of imprisonment he was released, and immediately resumed his efforts for reform. He secured certain concessions, which were soon repudiated by the imperial authorities. Several battles followed with intermittent success and defeat, until at last the Hungarians were overwhelmed, and on August 11, 1849, the struggle for the freedom of Hungary was lost.

Kossuth now left his native land and became an exile in Turkey, leaving his wife and children behind him, who after some years of extreme privation, joined him in exile. In the meantime Kossuth mastered the English and the French languages, and finally on September 1, 1851, by the intervention of the United States Government, he was released. The time had now come when he should visit America and express his gratitude for his deliverance. A naval steamship, the Mississippi, was sent by the American government to Con-

stantinople to bring him here as the guest of this great Republic.

After landing in New York, he came to Philadelphia where he was given a public reception in Independence Hall on December 24, 1851. At Concord in May, 1852, Emerson paid him very high tribute. The American people had listened to great orators among their own number, but Kossuth, we are told, spoke the English language "with a purity that is unknown to the great mass of Americans", and used English words which had never been used here before. He remained in this country six months and returned to Europe, bearing with him not only the good wishes of the American people, but also a liberal sum of money to be expended in the further liberation of Hungary.

He then went into voluntary exile for a decade or more, eking out a precarious living by the use of his pen. He died on March 20, 1894, "without fortune, home or country", but has by some been named "the greatest apostle of human liberty".

Our Hungarian people in this country now unite in giving to their inspiring leader the honor and meed of praise that is due him, even as they did several years ago by erecting his statue on Riverside Drive in New York. Is it not also appropriate that at the same time they should recognize the exiled minister, Rev. Gedeon Acs, who accompanied this ardent patriot and sowed the first seed from which has sprung the great religious work that is now being done in the more than 120 Hungarian congregations in America?

Ground-breaking at Morningside

THE *Inglewood Citizen*, Inglewood, California, in its issue of October 30th, makes the following reference to the Ground-breaking for the first unit of our new mission church at Morningside, of which the Rev. A. W. Felkley is the pastor:

You may have thought President Stewart was fooling when he said the Morningside Improvement Association meetings were going to start at 8 p. m. But he wasn't. Promptly at 8 o'clock Monday night that bang-up organization was called to order and just as promptly at 10 p. m. was adjourned. It wasn't quite a "split seams" attendance, but just about! A 110 per cent

greater attendance nearly breaks us out of those small quarters and we're going to have twice that number on November 24.

Rev. Felkley, of the Morningside Community Church, was at that meeting Monday night and we were mighty glad to make his acquaintance. Proudly he told some of us about the ground breaking for the first unit of their church. The educational and recreational building is the one now under construction. That's so like Mr. Felkley to think of the young people as the most important start to this home for his people. This unit will be completed by Christmas, if weather permits, with an expenditure of \$6,000; should be a great asset to our community.

IS BETHANY ABLE? Under this head an article appeared in the Messenger of Bethany Mission in New Orleans, Rev. Herman S. Ritter, Pastor. The results were so unexpected that we reproduce the article knowing that it will be of interest to other Missions.

Is Bethany Able?

Did you ever see a child walking beside its mother and holding its mother's hand? If you will observe carefully you will perhaps note that the child is well able to walk alone, yet it never does. It always holds on to its mother's hand if only to have a light grip on one finger. Somehow to merely touch one finger of its mother's hand gives it a great deal of confidence. The child is able to walk alone as far as its physical strength is concerned, but it lacks sufficient faith in itself to attempt a step alone.

For seventeen years Bethany has been walking with the support of the Mother Church. For this support we must ever be grateful. Without it, Bethany would not have survived its growing pains. Now the time has come when we no longer have a firm grip on the hand of the Mother Church. Sometimes it seems that we are well able to walk alone but we are hesitant. Is it because we lack sufficient faith in ourselves and in God, who is the source of all strength? There comes a time in the life of every child when it wonders whether to hold on or not to hold on.

And now the time has come for the members and friends of Bethany to decide whether to be or not to be a Mission Church. Possibly you are inclined to believe that this decision is not for you to make but will be made by the pastor and the members of the Church Council. However, the truth of the matter is that you shall determine the answer to this problem.

We estimate that if we had an additional income of only \$20.00 per month we could become self-sustaining. We would then become a full-fledged, self-sustaining, full grown and mature church. Do you realize that this is the goal toward which you have been working and laboring for nearly 18 years? Do you realize that this goal is so close at hand and so easily attained that if all members of Bethany would increase their pledges just 10 cents per week that we would have no difficulty in releasing the Mother Church of her obligations to Bethany? This would automatically release funds of the Mother Church for other worthwhile and needy mission fields in the United States. By contributing to Bethany we are serving a noble cause. By helping Bethany we shall also assist another. Do you realize that if the decision is made to become self-sustaining **THAT YOU MUST FIRST SIGN YOUR PLEDGE CARD FOR THE COMING YEAR AND INCREASE YOUR PLEDGE OVER THAT OF THE PRESENT?**

The Pastor writes: "As a result of this appeal, I found that when the pledge campaign was completed the total amount was 43% above that of last year. I had asked for an increase of \$240.00 and received an increase of \$900.00. And so the Board of Directors and the congregation, without a dissenting vote, decided to become self-sustaining, this to become effective February 1, 1942".

* * *

TO BECOME SELF-SUPPORTING IN THREE YEARS. Calvary, Overland, had 45 members in 1935 and 60 in 1936. Today it has 250. The Rev. Louis Lammert notified the Missouri Valley Synod Committee that the congregation had voted to increase the amount of its contribution toward the pastor's salary for 1942 by \$400.00 and to become self-supporting within the next three years. Calvary has erected a lovely brick church and paid off a very considerable sum during the past few years. It has made a place for itself in the populous community of Overland, even as the Rev. Mr. Lammert has been accorded a place of usefulness in the councils of the Evangelical and Reformed ministers of the St. Louis area. He was re-elected as chairman of the Fall Synod meeting of this region.

* * *

ARLINGTON ORGANIZES! October 19th was National Missions Day throughout the denomination. But for Arlington and for the Potomac Synod it was a most significant National Missions Day. Dr. Lee A. Peeler organized the little flock he has gathered during the last five months, elected officers and named the church "Bethel". This now is our youngest congregation. We commend it highly to the love and beneficence of the denomination.

On the Sunday after the organization, the new parsonage was dedicated. The weather was ideal and many friends came from Washington and other places. The officials of the Potomac Synod officiated at the rites of dedication. Drs. Charles Enders and William F. De Long preached the sermons and the Rev. F. Nelsen Schlegel and Calvin

H. Wingert, of Washington, conducted the devotional part of the service. Thus Dr. and Mrs. Peeler are finally settled in a suitable house. Because of the unusual demand for houses, it was for months impossible to find a place for them to live by themselves. Dr. Enders and other friends took them into their homes. During the summer they were unable to bring their household goods from their previous residence at Staunton, Virginia. Finally in September, they succeeded in finding a house which they might use temporarily. It was out of this place that they moved into the new parsonage which the Board of National Missions had built on a lot purchased by the Board, at No. 1 Granada Place in a subdivision of Arlington known as Arlington Forest. We rejoice with Dr. Peeler over the results thus far achieved. May God raise up a great Church out of this small beginning and make it very useful in His Kingdom.

Building Funds

The new parsonage at Arlington was erected with the help of an F.H.A. loan. Now the Board must not rest until it is fully paid. Added to the cost of the parsonage is the cost of the church lot. The congregation assembles in a public school. It is very fortunate that the school is available, but it must be plain to all that if the

congregation continues to grow at the rate during its first five months, it will soon be necessary to erect a church building. Shall we not confidently expect congregations and individuals to give Building Funds in amounts of \$500.00 to the Board for such a program? Forseeing such needs, the new Board called for Building Funds, and suggested to the former "E" people who had through the years read the home mission column written in the German church paper, "Friedensbote", by the former Chairman of the Board for Home Missions, the Rev. G. A. Schmidt, that they might contribute enough in small amounts to erect a Building Fund of \$500.00 in memory of the Rev. G. A. Schmidt. Within a comparatively short time the readers of this German paper responded with gifts so that this fund is now nearly completed. More than \$465 has been received. The great majority of gifts are in \$5.00 amounts. About ten gifts are less than \$5.00. One gift is \$100.00. Within not more than two weeks of this writing, this fund will be completed.

We fully expect that as the idea of such Building Funds becomes more familiar to our people we shall receive a great many more \$500 gifts. In fact, the Board sees no other way to meet the demands which are increasing. We pray and we must labor to secure \$30,000 in Building Funds this year.

As I Remember

I WAS deeply interested in the account of the building of the new church in McAdoo, Pa., in the October number of THE OUTLOOK OF MISSIONS, as my husband—the late Rev. Jonathan W. Buck, was the organizer of this congregation in 1896.

He had just graduated from the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., and was commissioned by the East Susquehanna Classis to go to McAdoo, Pa., and organize a church. He found upon going to McAdoo a town with no Protestant Church, two Catholic Churches and many saloons—in fact, twenty-eight on one street. He

interested a number of the local people, and people of the surrounding towns, in the movement and organized a congregation of thirty members, services being held in the Grant Street School building.

It was in this building that Jonathan W. Buck was ordained and in this mining town the ordination was an outstanding event. A large congregation was present to witness this ceremony, many strangers from a distance being present. Rev. S. E. Stofflet, of Hazleton, Pa., was present with fifteen or more of his members; Rev. C. H. Herbst, of Hazleton; Rev. Isaac M. Schaeffer, of Ashland, Pa.; Rev. L. M. Fetterolf,

of Mainville, Pa.; Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach and Rev. C. H. Mutchler, of Sunbury, Pa., and Rev. John A. Danner, of Mt. Carmel, Pa., who preached the sermon from St. Mark 16: 15.

At this ordination service a very pleasant surprise was given the audience by Rev. C. H. Mutchler and Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach, Trustees of East Susquehanna Classis, in the shape of plans and specifications for the erection of a chapel on a Washington Street lot which had previously been secured. This chapel was to cost \$750.00 and would be paid by the East Susquehanna Classis. The congregation was to excavate, build the wall and furnish the chapel. Work was begun the next day and the newly ordained minister threw out the first shovelful of ground.

In order to furnish the chapel with pews and pulpit furniture, the pastor spent many hours getting subscriptions from Hazleton merchants and other people in the surrounding towns and, at last, with the money secured he and an elder went to Philadelphia and selected and bought the pews and pulpit furniture. A church member loaned

an organ. A year or so later Mr. Buck and myself went to Philadelphia and bought an organ.

The dedication of this building in the Fall of 1896 was a solemn event. Again a large congregation was present and many ministers. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach, of Sunbury, Pennsylvania.

In July, 1897, the chapel was the scene of great activity—the pastor was bringing his bride. The chapel was beautifully decorated for the reception; tables were laid for the supper, and everything in season was served and many gifts were given to the bridal pair.

And now after forty-five years a new church is being erected, much larger and more beautiful and better equipped for a larger town and a larger service, but the little chapel of a former day has served its purpose.

MINNIE G. BUCK.

(Mrs. Jonathan W. Buck)

Bloomsburg, Pa.

The Evangelical Immigrants' and Seamen's Mission

J. G. GRIMMER

THIS is one of the few benevolent institutions of the Evangelical and Reformed Church in the East. Although its ministry has been of a changing character—and, perhaps, because of its varying character—it has become a blessing to thousands who would otherwise have been left lying by the wayside.

More than fifty years ago, in 1837, this work was organized by Pastor Edward Huber, at that time pastor of St. Matthew's Evangelical Church in Baltimore, Md., as a mission to immigrants. It served the Germans who came to Baltimore as their port of entry with needed advice, temporary shelter and pastoral care. And many are the letters of appreciation from such that received help and advice at the time of their landing here. Some of them still remember our institution with occasional

gifts. However, immigration through the port of Baltimore ceased with the World War and has never been resumed. All immigrants coming across the Atlantic must now enter through the port of New York. Even before the cessation of immigration to the port of Baltimore the Missionary combined with his work the care of seamen as German freighters continued to come up the Chesapeake Bay.

Our Immigrant and Seamen's Home of twenty-four rooms was built in 1904 and has been used continuously with the exception of the period of 1917 and 1918. Since the outbreak of the present difficulties in Europe few seamen come to us, except a few who have immigrated and have become naturalized Americans and who make our home their stopping place when in port.

Meanwhile there are strangers of a new sort coming to Baltimore. They are Americans, coming from adjoining States to find employment in our current Defense industries. They are not sure of permanent employment and cannot afford to bring their families with them. We take them in until they are settled. Sometimes they are single men, who don't know the city and have not had time to establish themselves. These men are able to pay room rent, but we minister also to their other needs. In all probability this, too, is a passing need. But, again, we are ministering to strangers who in all probability would have no one else to stand by them.

Meanwhile we are alert to other needs which may demand our attention. We have never been idle and we thank God that our predecessors in Christian work in Baltimore established this place of refuge in this big port and industrial center. We pray the Lord to continue to bless our Mission even as we commend it to the benevolent consideration of our fellow Evangelical and Reformed Christians.

The Missionary also makes regular visits to the Marine Hospital in Baltimore and ministers to patients there.

This Mission has been serviced by Rev. William Batz, Rev. Otto Apitz, Rev. F. A. Giese and the present superintendent and missionary, Rev. J. G. Grimmer.

Action on a Hopeful Front

ALBERT W. BUCK

(Successor to Dr. F. W. Schroeder at Tabor Church, Chicago, Illinois, and previously for four years missionary at Our Redeemer, Chicago, and Grace Church, River Grove, Illinois.)

NEVER in the recorded pages of history has there been a time during which the people of the earth have been engaged in action on as many hopeless fronts as they are in our day. There is no precedent for the tragic sense of futility in the hearts of front-line fighters today. Heretofore, the people who fought for any cause believed in what they were fighting for. For good or ill, God has always been solicited to support each side of any struggle, until today when even those, who profess to believe in the cause for which they are fighting, hesitate to call it a holy crusade. No military front of today has a ray of hope. Those who are actively in the conflict are not expecting much; they accept it with a disquieting degree of fatalism. Neither side has anything to offer in the way of ideals or hopes for bettering the conditions under which men live. Both sides are engaged in grabbing what can be appropriated. Regardless of the outcome, the benefits which can be expected by mankind are negligible; while the detriment is enormous.

Contrasted to the futility which is evident in this scene, there is the hopeful

front on which the missionary works. This work proceeds quietly. There is no noise or publicity, no loud voices raised in praise or condemnation. In the eyes of the world not much importance is attached to the ambassadors of the Prince of Peace who are working silently in their respective fields. In the name of Christ you can not attract as much attention as in the name of national defense. The Church is not blazoned upon billboards to stimulate business as is the campaign to sell war bonds and stamps. Judged by external standards the Church of Christ is not a very significant factor in the world situation. Despite the absence of *éclat*, however, there is no other organization which has greater potentialities for leading the way out of the present turmoil than has the Church.

The work of National Missions, particularly in urban communities, may, under proper conditions, become sound therapy for the disease from which our civilization is slowly dying. One reason why the current front lines of defense give so little promise is that not the disease but the symptoms are being treated. The agitation of our time is merely froth on the surface

of a putrefying mass. The causes of the fermentation are far more deep-seated. Fundamentally what we are facing in our country is the pollution of the stream of citizenship. The Christian Church in general and the Mission Church in particular stand face to face with the task of cleansing this stream. The churches supported by the Mission Board are in an advantageous position for this work. The voice of the preachers of these churches is not stilled by vested interests. The missionary is in a position which offers him a unique opportunity to speak the unadulterated truth.

It is necessary for the Christian Church to reiterate and reemphasize the fact that the greatest threat to the civilized world is not from misguided individuals but from the deterioration of character. The outstanding decomposing factor in this process is the acceptance of untruth and insincerity as a legitimate basis of living. Our age tries to live by deception. The most notoriously untrustworthy statements are reputed to be official reports and communiques—utterances supposedly supported by the sacred honor of governments. Exaggerated and false statements are tolerated on the radio and in the newsreel. The urban church stands face to face with these things in their stark reality. It must dare to stand

firmly against them. It must put its people on the alert, that they might not be deceived. It must stand solidly on the conviction that Jesus Christ and deception cannot live together.

Mundane foundations of thought can be shifted for selfish gain or convenience. This vice is very common among us. We have seen some unusual samples in the "campaign oratory" of public figures. We have seen attempts to persuade men and women to change their very principles of living because of political fiat. The results of the lack of a sure foundation for life and thought speak for themselves. Mission churches must bear their share of the responsibility to base lives upon something unchangeable, enduring, eternal.

The moral order of the universe, which we do not create but discover, will crush those who defy or disregard it. The Mission Church must be a prophetic voice which calls the attention of the world to its besetting sins. This section of the Church must not show any fear; it dare not bow or scrape before the powerful men of the earth. It belongs to the minority which will not accept the world at its face value. It will see many defeats, ridicule, ingratitude; young people swept off their base, but it is in action on a hopeful front.

National Missions, the Laboratory Versus the Arsenal of Democracy

LOUISE M. KIPPENHAN

"**T**RUTH needs not to be defended, it needs to be lived." "Furthermore, theoretical truth is such an illusive thing, the more we talk about it the more it is not." This statement was made by one of my Bible teachers a number of years ago and I have never forgotten it.

The same thing, it seems to me, is true of Democracy. The more we propagandize, build battleships and air planes, concentrate young men into training camps for mechanized killing to defend Democracy the more it is not. As a result there arises confusion as to what is Democracy.

Those who proclaim the Gospel of Christ have a theory, i.e., God is infinite love, infinite wisdom, infinite power, ever present. Jesus demonstrated God's way of working. Christians consecrate themselves to the task of giving expression to that belief. That is, they prove in a laboratory way that their theory is true, that Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. To them every seemingly insurmountable difficulty becomes an opportunity to prove to themselves and others the power of the love of God.

What better laboratory than the various mission fields? A young man, just graduated from the Mission House Seminary believed that a group of Winnebago Indians, outlawed because they wanted to live where nature had given them priority rights, could be saved from extinction by cold, starvation, and despair. He believed God cared for them and had a purpose for them in the universe.

When he entered the field he found that he had to take upon himself the wrongs inflicted by the white man upon these Winnebago Indians and live them down. He not only believed that this was necessary in his own personal life, but challenged every Christian community he contacted to do the same. Thus the Winnebago found a friend wherever Jacob Stucki blazed the trail. And "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" became more of a reality among the groups reached by his influence. Today, friends and followers of Jacob Stucki are hospitably received at the Indian Mission. Today the Christian worker, coming into that mission, finds friendly hands extended, welcoming him to work with them in making the Jesus' life a reality in all its fulness. Superstitions and out-worn social customs have not all been shed. Strong resistance to temptations arising out of new problems needs to be built up. A woman confessing that she is afraid she will be too weak to overcome temptation that, if yielded to, might mean years of retardation in her upward climb, is told to relax when the temptation confronts her and remind herself that the all-powerful heavenly Father is her keeper. She comes back with a song of victory. Those struggling with the alcoholic habit are undergirded with prayer and guided to meditate upon the lives of those who

have laid hold upon the saving power of Christ and thereby have made their lives useful to society.

The young person who thinks of himself as "only an Indian" is introduced to Christian young people of the white race and is guided to share with them some of the arts developed by his ancestors. He discovers that in Christ there is no difference of race or class, and with new self-respect and a freer expression of the powers within him, he renews his journey in the "pursuit of happiness".

Sometimes problems arise that seem so baffling that only silence and prayer are attempted. Like the sun coming out behind the clouds the way is opened to solve them, and again we are reminded that God is sufficient to overcome all problems, if man's consciousness be attuned to His guiding spirit.

In a recent bit of propaganda, the speaker stated that the strength of the German Führer lay in his power to give his people a sense of belonging; a sense of being merged into a great cause. Surely the Church, through National Missions, has the opportunity to give to the most confused that "sense of belonging", that "sense of being merged into a great cause"; and to those who suffer most from a sense of insecurity it can offer a challenge to rally to the cause of Him who said, "I came that they might have life and have it more abundantly". Then it can, through its workers, help these confused peoples to find a technique whereby they may lay hold of that abundant life both in their private and corporate lives. Thus these groups, finding "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" a reality, become further proof that democracy can be lived.

What Do I Bring to Him?

Christ's Birthday. What to Him do I bring?
A heart in which no hate is festering,
Holding no malice—none?
Naught but good will and peace toward everyone?
How may I contemplate His wistful eyes,
His infancy, His youth, His manliness, unless
My heart is free from envy and the press
Of selfishness that mocks and crucifies?

PETER A. LEA, in *Kirkukli*.

International Missions

A. V. CASSELMAN

F. A. GOETSCH

Editors

Not Wanted

LOUISE VORDENBERG

IN the town of La Lima, which is the center of the banana activities in Honduras, C. A., it is said that there are as many children as dogs — and there are plenty of each around the streets. Every family of the working class is allowed one room in which to live—with a lean-to kitchen in the back. So the room being full with a bed, table, the clothes, etc., there isn't room for the children to turn around or play in.

Many of these children who are seen on the streets of La Lima go to our Sunday-school which we hold every week in a small room. (We hope some day to have a chapel.) From 75 to 100 children and adults come and find this hour in the Sunday-school a very bright one, and it takes an active teacher to keep their attention and take advantage of teaching them the Bible stories with their practical applications. The picture cards and papers are eagerly taken home and so the parents are also reached who would otherwise never hear of the Gospel.

Among this large group of children was one little girl who was shy, yet very active when once given a chance to show what she knew. But she was self-defiant—were these folks really her friends — was she really wanted there? She is scolded and run out so often—she didn't seem to have any friends. She lived with her grandmother who talked about the child in front of her, how bad she was, how hard to take care of; how bad her mother was and no-account, and didn't know what to do with her. The father, the grandmother's son, was dead, and the mother was one of those women who went from one banana camp to another pretending to sell things, but who

had plenty of men friends to take care of her. The child heard only bad things of her mother and it had been such a long time since she had seen her, she didn't remember her.

I was sitting on the porch of the Bethany Boarding Home one day when a thin, tired-looking woman came up the steps. It was the child's grandmother. After a few words of greeting, she told the purpose of her visit: would we take Irma, the child who was not wanted, into our boarding home? She was going to leave the country and couldn't take the child with her. It is sometimes hard to know what to do in cases where we feel the family can take care of a child and doesn't want to, but in this case, no one wanted her; so we took her in. She is now in our boarding home among the happy group there, being shown what Christian love and care are, as well as receiving a Christian education. Little Irma is in need of much correction and patience, but we know our work is not in vain, for where the seed is sown on young and fertile soil, it is bound to bring forth fruit in the future.

Thus our school work is a means to an end. The Sunday-schools in camps, villages and mountains bring children into our school and boarding home, and the school in turn brings the children into the services, and also through the children the Gospel is taken into the homes. "A child shall lead them" has been the means to a Christian parent in many cases and through the constant, patient work among the children of Honduras, may many more be brought into a vital Christian knowledge and faith.

San Pedro Sula, Honduras.

Christian Pioneers in West China

MRS. E. P. MILLER, JR.

Professor of English Literature, Hua Chung College

YOUTH groping for knowledge and wisdom presents many fascinating pictures through the centuries—the groves of Academe, Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, the great hall of the Alcazar, the scholars wandering from Padua to Ravenna, the picturesque medieval survivals at Oxford and Cambridge, the plain living and high thinking of the first colleges in America, German student duels, but what in the long history of higher education can match the trek of China's colleges across half a continent to the great west and southwest?

Each of these colleges has its own tale of adventure and hardship and endurance, each tale being of absorbing interest but no college has had a more unusual experience than Central China College (Hua Chung). We carried on in a feverish, hectic way in our old Wuchang home all the first year of the war, when the national capital was at Hankow across the Yang-tse from us. In the summer of 1938 the College moved southward to Kweilin, the provincial capital of Kwangsi.

We found a quaint old city with a thin but brilliant veneer of modernism and throbbing with a war boom. Just as we were settling into our academic routine we were shocked by the almost simultaneous fall of Canton and the Wu-han cities. Immediately our position became precarious with no practical means of communication with the outside world. Air-raids became numerous and deadly and although, almost miraculously, none of the college personnel suffered bodily harm, we saw two-thirds of the city burn and spent more time hiding in caves than reading in our make-shift but pleasant library.

We began our second move in February, 1939, after one semester in Kweilin. Our first flight had been mainly by means of China's inland water-ways but now we were piled into trucks and rumbled over one of the new highways, still going south across great barren stretches of Kwangsi to the Indo-China border where we entertained for Hanoi, the gay little capital

of Tonkin. After a day of sightseeing there, we took the funny, wheezy little French train and, amid dirt and discomfort, climbed slowly from Tonkin's steaming plains to Yunnan's airy uplands.

On the Burma Road

There was some delay in Kunming, Yunnan's interesting capital, as it took more than two months for all the personnel to reach this stage, but finally we started with a sense of high adventure along the far-famed Burma Road, a road of danger and delight, of bright romance and drab practicality. At Hsiakwan the Road swings abruptly southward. Here we climbed down from our trucks and, stowing ourselves in the heavy arklike boats of the Erh Hai, finally arrived at the College's new home, Hsichow, which is as far from Wuchang as Arizona is from St. Louis; furthermore, as the crow flies we are nearer Calcutta than Wuchang.

Hsichow is a well-to-do little town, only just beginning to be touched by modernism of any sort; thus our pilgrimage is not only geographical but temporal and cultural, for we have plunged into a medieval civilization which we are always striving to adapt to our twentieth century ideas.

The local nabobs welcomed the College and gave us the use of three contiguous temples with the temple precincts. A number of temporary wooden buildings were run up to serve as laboratories, offices and class-rooms. The Confucian temple most appropriately was turned into our library, which is not too bad a collection of reference books for a refugee institution. The Buddhist temple has been converted into a Christian Chapel by hiding the idol in curtains of blue cotton cloth and placing at one end a severely plain altar also covered with blue cloth and surmounted by a wooden cross. The third temple is an ancestral hall which we use for the Faculty Common Room. There are two park-like gardens and several sunny court-yards. Many of our visitors declare that we are

better situated for earnest work than most of the refugee colleges.

Certainly our natural surroundings are unsurpassed. This mountain valley is in the same latitude as Key West but our altitude is 6700 feet. The result is an equable climate such as few places enjoy. The soil is of amazing fertility and the scenery most inspiring with the combination of snow-capped mountains, blue lake and rivulets lashing from the mountains across the valley into the lake. The abundant bird and flower-life here is a challenge to our biology department.

The faculty, the staff and the students are housed in different parts of the village in rented quarters, often living in close proximity with the landlords clan and thereby having the opportunity to observe many strange medieval customs.

Some Practical Problems

Such then is the location and situation of Central China College. Now for some practical consideration of our problems.

Our isolation is extreme. Our calm routine is never disturbed by air-raids either real or threatened, but we need increased transportation facilities and better radio communications. When we came two years ago, Kunming was the thriving entrepot for the west and southwest, but since the Japanese invaded Indo-China and wrecked at least half of Kunming our only exit that way is by plane, which means that we have to depend more and more upon getting both supplies and students in from Burma. The present difficulty of communication with Hongkong by the post office makes us depend almost entirely upon our old inefficient radio for world news and surely part of our task is to make our students world-minded. It, furthermore, does not seem right that we have no way of getting to Hsiakwan, our nearest town on the Burma Road, or to Tali, our telegraph station, except on horseback or in a litter-like chair, as only our best pedestrians can walk so far.

Our present student body is small for two reasons, travel difficulties and the very poor preparation of students in the southwest. We are now trying the experiment of having a pre-Freshman Class. In spite

of, or possibly because of, our small enrollment the students on the whole are doing outstandingly fine work, really better than in the old easy days before the war. There is a notable increase in student morale and seriousness of purpose with far less of the old idea that students in China form a sacred class. This is shown in many practical ways; for example, one student has learned to cut hair and others have helped faculty wives with household tasks.

The administrative problems are extremely difficult. The depreciation of the Chinese dollar makes all finance a game of hazard. One never knows where exchange may jump nor how fast prices may rise. Not only does this make accurate budgeting impossible, but merely the cost of food and clothing is incalculable. There is also the problem of replacement. This spring nearly every one is unable to wear either socks or stockings.

Another burden on the administration is what to do with students who suffer serious breakdowns and whose families are many hundreds of miles distant, possibly in Occupied Territory. As I write we have two serious cases that must be cared for somehow by the College in all Christian charity; one is a tubercular student, whose illness was believed to be arrested but who recently had a bad hemorrhage; the other, a prominent Senior, who suddenly had a baffling nervous breakdown.

Most of us believe that the religious life of the College is more real and vital than it used to be. Certainly the present student body has some strong Christians in it and many of the non-Christians have an attitude of sympathetic inquiry. Daily Chapel and Sunday services are well attended and so are various less formal Christian gatherings.

We crave the intelligent interest and prayers of the Church at home more than ever because of our isolation and our difficult new problems. It we can feel that Christians at home believe in what we are trying to do, our own faith and courage will be strengthened.

Hsichow, Yunnan, China.
May, 1941.

Unusualities in Japan

*Free translation of extracts
from "The Glass Eye."*

The following is a free translation of extracts from the article, "The Glass Eye," by Yasunari Kawabata, published in the January number of the Bungei Shunju, a magazine for the general reading public. This account of neighboring at the summer resort of Karuizawa has its special interest for us, since the minister's family referred to is the Schroer family of Morioka, the elder missionary, the late Dr. J. P. Moore, with his long residence in Japan, 1883-1923, and the former house owner's wife is Mrs. F. B. Nicodemus, at present a teacher in Miyagi College.—Ed.

AUGUST was unusually cold in Karuizawa, a mountain resort a thousand meters above sea-level, where it had been raining for days at a time. The weather was most unpleasant. People said Karuizawa was changing. Some even said that the Karuizawa thunderstorms and fogs occurred less frequently, but even those who opined so were burning more charcoal in their braziers and donning their "haori" this summer. Foreign women came out in their overcoats, but the foreigner always wears a coat if it is at all chilly, but the Japanese shivers beneath his summery appearance.

My home was in Happy Valley, South in Karuizawa. The place was so full of trees that even my veranda was shaded and dark; the branches of the chestnut and almond trees veritably covered the roof. A friend's daughter, a first-year student in a Girls' Higher School, was visiting us. I felt sorry for the little girl because the weather was so bad and she had no opportunity to make friends. I wanted to show her the beauties of the place. I kept telling her that the weather would soon clear, but always only to disappoint her.

One morning, as I lay awake in bed listening to the never-ceasing pit-a-pat on the roof, a caller's voice was heard downstairs. Apparently a foreign woman had come. I hurried downstairs without even washing my face. My guest was the wife of an American missionary who lived next door. She was on her way to church that Sunday morning. She spoke with a certain grace and loveliness.

Shoes were permissible on that veranda and my servant tried to make my guest understand that. She apparently understood, but came in in her stockinged feet. She wore rubbers over her shoes and so had to peel off two pairs. That was a lot of trouble, which confused the servant girl, who ran for a pair of slippers, all the while feeling sorry for the guest. As there was nothing to sit on she had to take off her shoes standing up. This was a chore, because her shoes fit snugly, as well-fitted shoes seem a part of a foreign woman's good make-up. Also, contrary to the usual run of middle-aged western women, she was the plump kind, very polite and slow in her mannerisms just like a "Tohokujin." (People living in northern Japan where the Evangelical and Reformed Church had most of its work. Ed. note.) I do not say "like a Tohokujin," as a mere slight description, for truly this woman and her family have lived in North Japan for nearly twenty years. Being the only foreign family in the city in which they live they naturally have become so imbued with the culture and habits of the people there, that one look at them would tell anyone that they had the ways of the "Tohokujin." They have not only become Japanized, but also provincialized so that I felt a sense of close friendship surge within me.

As my guest sat in a wicker chair on the veranda she seemed uneasy. I surmised that she found it rather difficult to visit a Japanese neighbor, whom she really did not know, at such a time as this when international relations are quite strained. I really felt sorry for her. Then to make

matters worse my family gaped from inside the house as though this was the strangest of events and I did not know what to do about it.

As for me, this was the first time a foreigner had paid me a visit and I wondered what it was all about. "I was sent by a friend of mine," said my guest. "There is a club in Karuizawa composed of Americans who study poetry. I am not a member of this club, but since I go to the same church and since I live next door to you, they have asked me to be their messenger to ask you if you will tell the club something about Japanese poetry at their next meeting." She explained in general the kind of meetings they held. It seemed most of the members were women, but among them were a few men, such as the manager of a well-known building and construction firm, whose name even I had heard. It seemed a special hobby of these women and I could not refuse. My chief trouble, however, was that I cannot speak English. Even though I could have an interpreter I still would be unable to answer questions which might be asked later at tea time. I had in mind an English-speaking friend who might interpret for me, but the meeting was to be on Tuesday and this was already Sunday. I could not tell my friend's plans and surely he would want time to prepare his talk, so the meeting could not be arranged for that particular week. Also, I had to refuse them for later, because I did not feel capable of filling this unusual request. It made my head go round. It seemed like winding up anew my mind that had been rotting in the rain. I figured that what they wanted was not just the construction of poetry, but the literature and tradition which led to poetry. I felt ashamed to realize how little I knew. However, my love for Japanese literature surged within me.

Just as we were finishing this sort of conversation the minister came for his wife. She again had to take much time putting on her shoes. They went down the hill together, with arms entwined, on their way to church. One could already hear the church bells ringing.

The minister bore no religious airs. He was a healthy, young-looking man of good, sturdy build. He held university degrees

in the arts, religion and philosophy, I learned later. He was a gentle person.

My wife, our student guest and I watched the pair through the woods. I wondered how they had come to know my profession. The minister was an explorer, like every true foreigner. On his way home from somewhere he would often stop to ask the name of mushrooms he had found under the trees. I could not give him a satisfactory answer most of the times. I did not know the scientific name, although I did know the local name. Then, too, I was afraid I might teach him the wrong thing and as a result lead him to use a poisonous species. My wife, who often went mushroom hunting with the local people, had much to talk about to the minister, who seemed to consider mushrooms a great delicacy and he knew a great deal more about the subject than did my wife.

These incidents led us to know each other more and more. They began addressing me as "Sensei" (teacher), a common name for an author. My wife and I followed their example and called them "Sensei."

There was another foreign family next door to us. They were business people from Yokohama and they differed greatly from the minister's family. A bright red lantern hung on their veranda, many merry-making guests came and went, much canned jazz music was heard from their house. And yet the lady of this house was not quite what one would call a gay person. She would air her bedding often in the sun. She would be the first person sweeping up the leaves, even though there seemed no particular necessity for it. Even on a drizzly day she would be seen in her navy blue slacks sweeping up the fallen leaves.

At the minister's house the job of cleaning the yard seemed to be the particular job for the young girls. I judged the older one was 16 or 17 years old, the younger 7 or 8. There was a Japanese girl with them who appeared to be about 18 or 19 years old. From my window I could see the three girls merrily sweeping the path every morning. Their house was just back of mine, which made it necessary for them to pass by my lot whenever they left or returned home. So, naturally their path led into mine and they would clean right up to

my lot. I only gathered up last year's leaves at the beginning of the summer and so my lot looked uncared for compared to these two others. Whenever I saw these foreign women working I felt that I must clean my place, too. Sometimes I wondered if the girls would not clean my path also, but they never did. The days just slipped by without anything being done with my path because I did nothing about it. My servant girls often watched the minister's daughters, who worked so much like our present Girls' School Service Squads. I was chagrined that my servants left their work just to watch these interesting girls. However, I caught myself peeking from a distance, too.

The elder daughter resembled her mother and was a sturdy build, a specimen of excellent health. Her cheeks were as red as the Tohoku apples, and her legs marked with insect bites were the marks of a healthy up-bringing in the Tohoku. "Oh, they are from the Tohoku. They speak the Nambu lingo," exclaimed my wife, who is herself a product of North Japan. To hear her own language at such a place from the mouths of these foreign girls was an unusual surprise for her. She smiled, listened to the conversation between the Japanese and American girls, and repeated each expression with a gleeful mimic.

It reminded me of the time when I had heard the "Kwansai" (Southern Japan) lingo spoken by a foreign woman on a street in Karuizawa some years past. I had heard my home-town drawl and looking around saw a young foreign girl stepping lively in her abbreviated gaily colored costume, which seemed more like a swimming suit because it exposed her entire bare back. She had the smooth softness of the southern lingo, which helped to accentuate her gentle nature, but her queer foreign accent made me listen attentively. However, the Tohoku girls' talk was much more interesting. They worked so energetically though they seemed a bit unskilled at their jobs.

The Japanese girl and the American girl seemed to be such good friends. We knew the Japanese girl could not be a maid. Later we found that she was a student in a kindergarten training department connect-

ed with the minister's church work. When the girls realized we were watching them they became shy.

At the minister's home the forenoon was kept aside for studies. "Where did God come from?" was one question asked by the younger child.

The minister neighbor told me about the former owners of my lot. They, too, had been missionaries. On account of ill health of the husband they had returned to America where the husband had died, but his wife had since returned to Japan where she had spent most of her happy married life and Japan was, therefore, dear to her. "She is a fine woman," said the minister looking wistfully toward the front of the house, and I wondered if he, too, had fond memories of this place.

An elderly missionary who built my house also built the minister's house. After some time the elder missionary's wife died, whereupon my present neighbor spent a summer with the widowed missionary. He liked Karuizawa so much that later the cottage became his own. From such stories I surmised that the minister met his wife here. They might have even honeymooned in the upper cottage!

My former owner's wife, who returned to Japan alone must have a certain longing for this mountain house. I even entertained a desire to invite her up here some day for tea. And memories of the past must have induced my neighbor missionary to be friendly to me, too.

"Keiko Chan, let's go. The rain shouldn't stop us. We are not made of paper," I said, as I took hold of the school girl's hand, and away we went to the post office. "Now the weather will be fine," I told the girl. I knew I was wrong, but I remarked it rather emphatically as a fog was coming up. The two boys from the business man's house followed us. Suddenly at the foot of an old tree I saw something glitter. I picked it up. It was a Glass Eye. It was cold and dirty and it gave one a creepy sensation. I held it out. "What is it?" the boys asked as they clamored to see it. I announced rather roughly, "it's an eyeball of a Japanese!" The boys let out a fearful cry and ran away as fast as they could go.

(Continued on Page 351)



Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Grimmer in the reading room of the Seamen's Home, over which they preside.



Ready for Sunday-school, La Lima, Honduras. Page 331.



Typical Scene near Hsichow, China. The Girls' Hostel of Central China College is just inside the wall. Page 332.



Dr. M. P. Davis, Mahasamund, India Page 337.



Seamen's Mission at Baltimore, Maryland with Christ Church adjoining. The location is near Locust Point where mighty ocean liners dock.

Mrs. Hugo Schuessler,
Evansville, Ind.
President of the Women's
Guild

"We pray God to grant His blessing and place His seal of approval upon this, our Constitution so that this human document may become a sacred covenant." Page 351.

Mrs. F. W. Leich,
Shelby, Ohio
Retiring President

... so, The Women's Guild challenges each one of the thousands of women in the Evangelical and Reformed Church to find a place for herself in the organization whose program will stimulate a desire to live on a high spiritual level—to serve God humanity and self." Page 342.

Carrie M. Kerschner
Chairman,
Convention Program

Executive Secretaries of the
merged Organizations.

Elsa Reichenbach
Chairman,
Convention Committee

Mrs. William J. Halfter,
Louisville, Ky.
Recording Secretary

Mrs. Jesse M. Mengel,
Reading, Pa.
First Vice President

In a "school of experience" whose opportunities consisted of presenting the aims and purposes of The Women's Guild to many groups of men and women, Mrs. Mengel became grounded in the principles which must become the foundation of The Women's Guild. She served as treasurer between the Organization Meeting at Cleveland and the first General Meeting.

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First Row, left to right — Mrs. Howard Swinney, Mrs. Henry Huber, Mrs. William Halfter, Mrs. J. C. Wagner, Mrs. Carl Metz, Mrs. Elizabeth Grub, Mrs. F. H. Kissling.

Second Row, — Mrs. C. B. Rosenbarger, Mrs. Joseph Eisenbeis, Mrs. Stanley Crabb, Mrs. J. H. Hassenpflug, Mrs. Frank Pfeiffer, Miss Lillian Kuhlenkamp, Mrs. Charles Schmitt, Mrs. Arthur Graf.

Third Row — Mrs. Robert Landrum, Miss Alma Kriete, Mrs. Clair Rhodes, Mrs. Jack Siegrist, Mrs. Henry Koch.
Chairmen not in picture — Mrs. W. S. Richard, Miss Fay Weidener, Mrs. Emily Strange, Miss Rae Alben.



First Night Entertainers at THE KENTUCKY RECEPTION.
Miss Ellen Gardner and the Cecilian Singers entertained with

A Shoe Soliloquizes!

(N. B. Today I celebrate a double anniversary in silence; firstly, I have carried my master to a hundred villages the past four years; secondly, in so doing my partner and I have tramped a thousand miles. Unsung by bards, I record my own right to fame. A SHOE.)

M. P. DAVIS

COMMERCIAL enterprise stamped me "Hanover", but what's in a name? In a dream I had a vision that I come from sacred stock in India; I was the sacred cow and pet of a Brahmin temple priest. I supplied him with oxen to plough the temple fields, with milk for worship and milk for his sons. But when I grew old he left me to roam in the jungle, no longer worried if I returned at night or if the tigers made an end of me. One night in a hushed voice he ordered his servant to dispose of me in the weekly bazaar. I had visions of the Moslem butcher's big knife, well knowing, as my master knew, that no one but a butcher and leather merchant could find any value in me. With his lips he worshipped me; for a few silver coins he sold me. When the servant was leading me away from the temple precincts the idol seemed to grin at me, unappreciative of the many quarts of milk I supplied for his ceremonial immersions; the priest's sons who grew strong on my nourishment did not even raise their heads as the servant drove me out the temple gate. While passing my Brahmin master I overheard him discoursing to a few simple pilgrims on the virtue of worshipping "Gaumata" (mother-cow) and the beauty of believing in the "Unity of All Life", which includes all animal life!

The servant indeed sold me to the Moslem butcher, saying: "Who knows what evil it may have done in a previous existence, this is its punishment!" In short, my hide was dried, stacked with others near the railway line, starving dogs tugged at me, merciless coolies threw me into a box-car, off it went to the wharf, dumped into the darkness of a steamer's bottom, taken to America, and sold again.

Not long thereafter I found part of myself on the top of a shelf in a shoe shop. One day a little man asked for me, telling the clerk that my mate and I were to go to India, the land of my previous births.

Again packed away in darkness I resumed my pilgrimage to the heart of my motherland . . . Little did I ever imagine that some day a part of me, worshipped by millions, should become the protector and bearer of a missionary's feet. What would my former Brahmin master say if he knew what service I would soon be performing? But now to be in the home of a Christian missionary frightened me. One day I heard my new master telling a Hindu friend: "You worship the cow but do not feed it, whereas we feed our cow well but do not worship it!" This made me think: What is the value of being worshipped and not be fed properly? Having seen the well fed, large, fat kine in America I began to feel ashamed of my own skinny, scrawny, undersized relatives in my own land.

One day while gracing the feet of my master at the breakfast table I felt the atmosphere of worship and devotion—so different from that which I saw in the temple. Listening, I heard these strange words: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things" (Romans 10: 15). And here I was, under the table, clothing the feet of just such a messenger of peace and glad tidings. This made me happy; henceforth I would never again complain about my humble position. Those words made me feel proud of my task. Never did I feel so pleased when my former master took of my milk and poured it over the idol as an offering; there was no peace or gladness about that. I resolved to play my part nobly, to protect and ease the feet of my new master. Little did I realize what my new task involved.

Soon my mate and I were packed in a bag with slippers and other shoes, and loaded onto an oxcart with trunks, boxes and bedding. During the whole night and the next day we rode along the highway

and then took a turn into the jungle, 35 miles away from home. The tent was set up and we were left lying out under a tree. Early the next morning master called out: "Where are my comfortable shoes?" I soon learned that he meant my mate and me. This pleased me that he considered us comfortable. But it was not Sunday, why should he now want me on a week-day? But I had resolved not to complain since I was to be honored by bearing the messenger of peace and glad tidings.

My master slung a bag of books over his shoulder; on the khaki bag was a blue cross, so I called myself "the shoe of the cross". Little did I then realize what it all meant; somehow it did not seem to harmonize with glad tidings. Off he went along the dusty road, then to the left into the jungle, giving me no rest until a village was reached. Meeting some men who wore no shoes he sat on a log and conversed with them. Although dust-covered myself I could see the deep cracks in the feet and soles of the men, huge doorways for hookworms which make them so weak. Again I resolved to be a good servant and never to let my master's feet deteriorate, or be blistered, or get sore. He spoke to the men about the song of angels, music from heaven, about their news of great joy, about the Gospel of Glad Tidings, about a Saviour, the servant of man. He sang several songs, and sold some books to one of the men who could read. It was all strange to me, how different from the priest's discourse on "Gaumata"! Slowly we returned home, stopping now and then along the way as people approached us; each time he spoke of the same glad tidings and sold books.

Arriving in camp my master made a note in his diary before getting me cleaned up: "Walked to Sonasilli, three miles and back, sold song book and Gospel, also to travelers on the road," but he never wrote a word about me. Day after day, week after week, he drafted me into service. Village after village was visited, once, twice, and sometimes thrice. Often his wife accompanied him, distributing medicines. Daily he recorded the name of the village, the books sold, the conversations held, as well as the mileage, but not a word about my

service. One time he came to a creek, jumped across, but being short-legged, landed in the water, immersing me completely. The next day I was placed in the sun to dry, so he wore other shoes. That night he returned from a distant village with blisters, and vowed he would never use those shoes again. This enhanced my prestige; henceforth I was worn on all visits to villages during the four touring seasons.

Thus I served him faithfully, tramping over stony roads, along narrow field paths, over and around hills, through forest and jungle, through wide sandy river beds, along highways, through the dirt and filth of village lanes, and into countless village courtyards. After two seasons of such travel and touring I feared that he would thanklessly discard me as the Brahmin priest had done. But no, he had grown fond of me and sent me to a shoe shop to be mended and re-soled. At first I did not feel right about it, for rubber was used in place of leather, but I cooperated so that the messenger's feet would not suffer when spreading the glad tidings. My work continued; during the heat of the day, on wet days and dry days, through mud, dust or sand, onward we went until I grew thin and weak. Often I thought he would give me rest, or at least easier tasks nearer home, but he grew so fond of me that it was difficult for him to discard me. When finally sand and dust entered the cracks, when my thin sole protected his feet no longer on stony, gravel paths, he concluded that I would survive no more operative mending. Returning home after the fourth season I was cleaned and shined, wondering what would happen. What is an old shoe good for anyway? A last time he honored me; seated at his desk he wrote and figured and added. This was his result: during the four touring seasons I had carried him to one hundred villages, and had walked one thousand miles. Do I not deserve a place in a museum for having safely carried a messenger of peace and glad tidings a thousand miles to a hundred villages?

Mahasamund, India.

News From Afar

Extract of letter from Miss Catherine L. Funk Yuanling, Hunan, China, September 20, 1941

WE arrived in Yuanling the day before the anniversary of our landing in the Orient, at Yokohama. When we think that we left Peiping last December, planning to come to Yuanling, it has taken us a long time to get here.

Betty Jane and I like it here very much, as do the Plitts. Ruth Plitt talks all the time about her nice house, and the view from the upstairs porch. And we rave on about everything; the view from anywhere, the river, the schools, the hospital, and the Yuanling people, both Chinese and foreign. Someone should have told us how nice it was here; I have been half afraid all along that we would be spoiled by living in Pei-

ping and Chengtu, and perhaps not like it here. Perish the thought now!

Mrs. Plitt started teaching several English classes the Monday after we arrived here. Betty Jane has been helping Helen Brown with a couple of classes. Ed Plitt started a few days ago in Huping. I helped Miss Zierdt in the hospital, but was not on regular duty. Everyone said that I should have about two weeks to get settled, especially since the hospital isn't so busy. No one seemed to know just when I was to get started, but my two weeks are just up, so I told Dr. Sun I would report on Monday.

Extract of letter from Rev. E. T. Plitt Chengtu, China, July 14, 1941

Flour has advanced to NC \$130.00 per 42-pound sack, and yesterday I learned the reason. A local army general is in control of the only flour mill in this section, and he is netting NC \$40,000 per day clear profit. I believe this fellow could teach American war profiteers a trick or two! (NC stands for National Currency, the

present exchange rate of NC \$1.00 being about five and one-half cents.—ED.)

I almost forgot to tell you that I have been invited to officiate at the wedding of Miss Anna H. Y. Tang and Mr. T. C. Chin tomorrow, July 15th. The bride is a member of our mission church in Yoyang. Her father was an evangelist in our Mission at Yoyang.

Extract of letter from Mr. John D. Beck Honolulu, T. H., September 8, 1941

Just the other day we had a very unexpected and happy experience. A Dutch ship put into harbor very quietly and brought Mrs. Snyder and Miss Hoy to our town. The way we found out that they were on the ship was very interesting. Mr. William Leete, Headmaster of Kuling American School in 1935, was on the ship on his way to Shanghai where he is to work for Nanking Seminary. He came ashore and looked us up and in the course of his conversation with Grace it came out that

Grace Snyder and Gertrude Hoy were on the same ship. We then rushed down to the dock and got word to the ladies even though we couldn't approach the ship. They came ashore and we sat and talked in a nearby park until about time for the ship to leave. We had a grand visit and our one regret was that we were not able to have them with us for a longer time. I'll take that back—our greatest regret was that we were not all returning to China together!

Not All the Missionaries Have Gone Home

*Extract from the Bulletin of the
National Christian Council of China*

A large group of missionaries sailed on the *President Coolidge* last week. The number of those on the Customs Jetty waving goodbye was a goodly company, proof that not all the missionaries have gone home. Mr. Boynton decided it was time for another check on the number still at work in China. He gathered detailed information from eighteen of the principal American, British, and International Protestant Christian missions working in China and from such facts estimates that 68% of all male missionaries and 56% of all women missionaries are still in China, as against a normal 78% of each; 22% are normally out of China on furlough. There are approximately 3,600 still at work.

The May number of *China's Millions* gives interesting information about the staff of the China Inland Mission:

"The number of missionaries on the home staff and on furlough from China was exactly the same on the first day of January, 1941, as it was four years previously, from which we may well note to the Glory of God that He has been pleased to keep our workers on the field, and that there has not been a general missionary exodus from China even in the face of such problems and difficulties as are met at every turn."

When the year's report was compiled, 118 of the CIM stations had not been heard from. The report from the rest is so encouraging that the CIM can say:

"Were all the reports in hand, there is every indication to expect that the number of baptisms for the past calendar year would have nearly approached, if not have exceeded, the all-time record of 1939."

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(Mrs.) MARY POMP HARNISH.

Men and Missions

CHARLES F. FREEMAN

Associate Executive Secretary, Churchmen's Brotherhood

A Seeking Church

MOST of the men in our new United States Army and Navy are not there through any choice of their own. The majority are there because "Uncle Sam" drafted them. They have given up jobs, homes, friends, community social life, and many, their church. In exchange for these sacrifices they are given every material comfort necessary to make them physically comfortable.

But even soldiers do not live by bread alone. The link that binds them to all of their former loyalties must be kept intact. The communication line between homes and community life is kept in fairly good condition by frequent furloughs and letters from home. It is the church line that gives us much concern. This line must not only be maintained but it must be put to practical use. The Church must seek out its men in the army and keep in touch with them.

To many a young man in the army the church is a "life saver". Letters to pastors tell of boys who not only worship in the churches in the vicinity of army maneuver areas and camps but find recreation there as well; many more, however, lose contact entirely with the Church.

Fortunately for our own denomination, we have a "Christian Committee on Camp Communities" as well as a "Chaplain's Committee". The Committee on Camp Communities is quite anxious for the Church to establish and maintain stronger relations between the boys in camp and their own local church as well as the camp churches. The personnel of this committee, however, is composed of active pastors in rather large parishes and cannot in any way cope with the situation. In addition, they have no money with which to operate. Is this committee simply to stand by and mark time until the boys come home? The result of such inactivity would be disastrous both to the Church and to our "boys".

Is there any other organization more ideally situated since it is now an integral part of our denominational organization, to raise money from the men of our congregations which will enable the "CCC" to employ a full time man who would keep alive in every church the real spiritual need of our draftees and at the same time keep the soldier conscious of the seeking Church? The Brotherhood has already committed itself to "undergird the whole program of the church". Camp and community welfare became a part of the program of the denomination the instant President Goebel appointed the "CCC".

The Brotherhood is a growing and a "going" concern. Of course, it is now in the throes of a gallant struggle to get on its own feet financially, due to accumulated debts incurred during its formative period. Plans are already made to free itself of these debts by the time of the meeting of the National Board in February. It should then be ready to shoulder this very vital commitment made by our Church not only to the enlisted man but to the conscientious objector, as well.

This is a wonderful opportunity for the Brotherhood to "dig in" and find its place in the Church. Will our men seize the opportunity?

Basil Matthews has this to say, "that world 'fellowship', the Christian society faces today an historic hour: the clash of the titanic forces of nationalism and materialism has created a world crisis. Into this arena all of us . . . are irresistibly drawn . . . What has the Fellowship (church) that lives to proclaim the Kingdom of God to say and to do at such a time?"

The Churchmen's Brotherhood should make it possible for our Church to seek and to speak to its men in the army.

Women and Missions

FLORA R. LENTZ
MYRTHA E. STUMPF
Editors

Challenge to the Women's Guild

Resume of President's Address

ALICE HILDEGARDE LEICH

Delegates, Visitors, Distinguished Friends:

The Administrative Committee in making plans for the organization of The Women's Guild endeavored to avoid injecting into the new organization customs and practices which had become precedents in the organizations of which The Women's Guild is composed. Yet, in spite of this, when your President protested against what she felt to be an old, outworn custom of "The President's Message", the Administrative Committee insisted that there be this message. Realizing the futility of my effort to bring a new face, new voice to match our new organization, I accepted instructions to bring a challenge in place of the usual report of our work during the two-year interval between the Organization meeting and this, our FIRST GENERAL MEETING. The record of our work has been assembled by our efficient recording secretary, Mrs. Wm. M. Halfter. This appears in print and she will speak to the items.

Today is a momentous hour in the history of The Women's Guild — for years the women have been giving unstintingly of their time to perfect the organization. First through a group called The Commission on Merger, and after the union in Cleveland, through an Administrative Committee chosen at that time. This committee was augmented by the addition of two splendid women who were elected to the Board of Directors of the Women's Guild (as specified in the Constitution) by the General Synod of the Evangelical and Reformed Church at its meeting at Lancaster, Pa., — Mrs. Melvin E. Beck and Mrs.

Waldemar Goffeney. These women served with the Administrative Committee as Advisory members. Our gratitude goes out to them for their helpful services, their timely counsel and their willingness to assist the work in whatever manner it was presented to them.

In reviewing the preparations for this, the beginning of the Women's Guild, I have but one regret — one criticism — The Administrative Committee was too small a group to carry the enormous task assigned to it. But now our share of the work is completed and you are gathered here in convention to review these efforts, to introduce into these suggested plans your thinking and desires, to translate and study every phase and method, then to organize so that The Women's Guild may function in a high degree of efficiency. This week we are facing busy days, complex days, serious days, that will demand the very best that is in us to do His Will. However what we do here is not the only thing of which we must seriously think. By coming here you are confronted with a responsibility that cannot be laid aside, when you leave the convention hall. It is a responsibility you yourself assumed in coming as a delegate, as a representative of your Regional and Synodical Women's Guilds. The women back home who conferred this peculiar honor upon you expect you, upon return to interpret and assist in putting into operation *the policies and plans that you have helped to formulate and adopt while here*. Information begets enthusiasm and the fruit of your presence at this convention should mean an enlight-

ened and effective membership at home. You must be the sowers, the seed is given you here, and if you will impart the energy, enthusiasm and information, the harvest will be waiting.

After the inspiring address of Dr. Goebel, the President of the Church, it seems unnecessary for me to appear before you. I never have laid claim to be theologically minded but as I studied this program and its theme I was attracted by a verse in scripture which fits into our Convention theme, "Thy Will Be Done". It is found in Hebrews 13:20 and 21. "Now the God of Peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work to do *His Will*, working in you that which is pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever." One feels after reading this verse that nothing further need be said, lest we mar the majesty of the statement or obscure the spiritual significance and appeal contained therein. . . . But if I am to bring a key-note for our Convention, a Challenge for the women, let these words serve that purpose. Thus we go forward in spirit and in truth as others in past ages have gone forward to serve mankind.

We are met in convention — why? *TO DO HIS WILL*, that which is pleasing in His sight. That is the complete answer to our being here. Every selfish consideration must be plucked out of our thinking. This is far from easy, even for a body of Christian women such as you represent. Some have come here with finely worked out plans to facilitate His work. Often we take no little pleasure in plans of our own invention which give promise of success for the furtherance of the cause. Let us not, by any means, ever neglect to plan and work, but as we do, let us remember what is so clearly stated in the scripture passage just read, that we are made perfect in every good work to do *His Will*, that we are enabled to do that which is pleasing in *His sight* only through Christ to whom be the glory.

So, in His name, we greet you; in His name we meet; in His name we shall succeed in doing that which is pleasing in

His sight. Not that we are sufficient in ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God. Most of us here have been chosen to some place of Christian leadership in our women's work. A trust committed means responsibility conferred. We have accepted the challenge. What price such leadership, you ask? In Luke 12:48 we find the answer: "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more." Therefore I would like to suggest that you consider four objectives which are essential to any enterprise. The Women's Guild is no exception. Let us as leaders strive for **VISION, UNITY, ACTIVITY, and LOYALTY** to bring about the ideals and goals of The Women's Guild, and let us remember that ideals and goals are won through the nobility and faithfulness of leaders. The success of the Women's Guild will depend largely upon the type and quality of leadership that the local, regional and synodical Women's Guilds receive. This brings the question: "How shall we find this leadership?" and a second very personal question: "What is my part in doing His will?"

Leadership is not a matter of methods, devices, plans and agencies, card indices and filing cabinets. They are material aids, good in their place. Leadership needs power — and power is a thing of the spirit — His will through me. Often the question to leadership is where are you leading? What is your motive or your purpose in the things you ask others to do? Have you something definite, something vital to offer? Have you real convictions or merely opinions about the future of the Women's Guild and its possibilities? As leaders let us think together how we may practice the attributes necessary to attainment of the hopes and aims set for the new organization. Let us learn to cultivate the wisdom of preparation, the value of confidence, the privilege of working, the forcefulness of simplicity, the winsomeness of courtesy, the satisfaction of serving, the buoyancy of enthusiasm, the advantage of initiative, the virtue of patience, the rewards of cooperation, the fruitfulness of perseverance, the joy of winning. All these every-day virtues are exemplified in the magnetic per-

sonality of our Lord Jesus Christ. Is it asking too much to accept for ourselves these simple attributes as *we strive* to do His will through the Women's Guild?

The First Aim of the Women's Guild

To achieve the first aim — *every member of the congregation a member of the Women's Guild*, there must come into the process Vision, Fellowship, Unity, Activity, Loyalty.

VISION—Vision grows from understanding the great thing to be achieved, the great goal to be reached, the challenge that each one shall have part in achieving the goals. Paul has written in his letter to the Hebrews: But as seeing some things which as yet are not, but which we are sure will be. True visions bring with them a challenge to a definite part in working out that which "we are sure will be."

FELLOWSHIP — LEADERSHIP — UNITY—There can be no leadership where there is no vision. It is necessary to remember also that good *fellowship* is equal to good *leadership*. Wise followers select wise leaders: careless followers are easily influenced by leaders with selfish motives. Leadership and fellowship must be made complete with fellowship. Let us not think merely of greater numbers — of hurrying new members into our organization. Let us think rather on what the Women's Guild can give to the members and what they in turn can give to the Church. Fellowship must lead to unity of purpose in our Guild, our local church, our denomination. The unity must be on a spiritual foundation. Toward this end we must purge our hearts of arrogance and selfishness, be willing to testify openly of an unbroken unity and fellowship in Christ our Lord.

ACTIVITY—Someone has said activity should be the key word in all Christian work. One's conversion is not only a prelude to a greater awakening of spiritual power, but also in many instances it quickens the desires to be active, alert, always to do one's best. As we consider *ideals* in the purpose of the Women's Guild, the task assigned to us as Christian women is so vast, so far-reaching, so engaging and so challenging that we must put our whole selves into the accomplishment. We must stir up the gifts that are within us. We

must cast aside all temptation to idleness and indifference. One of the first signs of inactivity is self-satisfaction. We are never too old to learn. In fact we should always be eager to acquire new facts and new methods in every sphere of life. In the Women's Guild avenues, which call for activity, are legion. We contribute to The Women's Guild through attendance, through interest, through participation, through gifts, through prayer. Too often we are conscious of our weakness and not of the power of God in us. The highest happiness comes not from what we hear, or see, or feel. It comes from what we do. Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed. James 1: 25

LOYALTY—This virtue denotes faithful devotion or constancy to a purpose or ideal. There are many things in life to which we owe constancy and devotion. First of all to oneself. Few of us seem to realize that we are actually debtors to ourselves, yet we cannot be true to others unless we first be true to ourselves. If we are not fine and noble we can give nothing fine and noble to anyone else. Loyalty to ourselves means letting the best within ourselves have full play, without thwarting it by wrong choices. It is the responsibility of every human being to conscientiously make the best of what the Creator has given him. Such a course brings satisfaction. We owe allegiance to our families, our friends, our church, our organizations, our ideals and our religion. *In this new venture of a women's organization we greatly need from every woman in the church a reconsecration to the principles of devotion and loyalty which alone can undergird the Women's Guild.*

* * *

A short time ago while riding with a friend who, in searching for a place to park, addressed the officer who was directing the traffic: "Where do you want me?" Officer replying: "I do not want you at all, lady, you'll have to find a place for yourself." . . . So the Women's Guild challenges each one of the thousands of women in the Evangelical and Reformed Church to find a place for herself in this organization. It offers a full and varied

program, broad enough for every woman to find her place, challenging enough to hold her interest, inspiring enough to stimulate a desire to live on a high spiritual level, to serve God, humanity and self.

The task that lies before the womanhood of our Church is to build a greater fellowship of Christian women that, through it, women will render effective service in the home, the local church, the denomination, the community, the nation and the world. To this goal we must acquire a forward look like that expressed so well by the poet who in his 80th year wrote:

A LOOK AHEAD

"I am done with the years that were,
I am quits"

I am done with the dead and the old,
They are mines worked out: I delved
in their pits

I have saved their grain of gold.

Now I turn to the future for
wine and bread,

I have bidden the past adieu,

I laugh and lift hands to the
years ahead,

Come on. I am ready for you!

Edwin Markham

* * *

We too, greet the years ahead with uplifted hands and hearts. For to that question "How?" we answer, "Doing His Will through The Women's Guild, through the faith that is within us, through the willing service of every woman, through fellowship, gifts, prayer, and the consecration of oneself."

* * *

To the Women's Guild

CLARA M. BODE

WHAT is so good in the sight of God as
a group of women working,

Striving together, standing fast, their duties
never shirking?

So much to do in this sad old world; so
much and the workers few.

So the call goes out to our womanhood,
"Arise, your strength renew."

United now in a plan of work, united now
in spirit.

Lovingly then leave the past, and the future?
Do not fear it.

We must have vision, or we surely die, we
must make dreams come true,

So there's a job for every one, and there's
a job for you.

The purpose of the Women's Guild is plain
as plain can be,

It is to bring our womanhood into sweet
unity;

To bring the Christ into the hearts of
women old and young,

That in our homes, both near and far,
Christ's praises may be sung.

The colors on our banner are true blue
and gold so bright;

The emblem, the victorious cross, the open
book, the light.

Oh, lift this guiding light on high, let it
dispel all fears,

That we may live victoriously as we go
down the years.

Go forth then, new-born Women's Guild,
in work and spirit one,

Be not resigned, be resolute and say, "Thy
will be done".

"I do not want to be without THE OUTLOOK OF MISSIONS. It is so full of information about all our missionary undertakings and is indeed a welcome visitor here. All good wishes for its future."

MARGARET M. ROBERTS, Catasauqua, Pa.

Impressions—First General Meeting of the Women's Guild

SYMPOSIUM

NOVEMBER'S first week-end brought to Hotel Brown, Louisville, Ky., the van of nearly a thousand guests who came for the First General Meeting of The Women's Guild of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, November 5, 6, 7. Scores of women came by automobile, every train brought large numbers. By Tuesday evening the registration desks and hotel offices were an animated picture for the interested mezzanine gallery spectators who watched the happy greetings as friends met, as groups shared their travel experiences, as everybody endeavored to get in readiness for the opening session. With Wednesday morning the business-like movements of the 499 delegates and practically a like number of officials and visitors indicated the seriousness with which the women looked upon the work to be done.

We despair of giving an account of the three days which shall in any adequate degree reflect the harmony and wonderful

spirit of the occasion; the quality of hospitality extended by Louisville Church women and ministers: the sessions with business, worship and inspiration; the eagerness with which women sought the Book Room with its new literature; the interest in the Demonstration Conferences on Friday forenoon; the fellowship with the missionaries; the Candlelight Communion Service; the satisfaction of seeing Girl Guild delegates seeking information; the final evening with its symbolic Constitutional Ceremony. . . . All these are matters for memory and record but we who were there desire to share our happy impressions as fully as we can. To accomplish this a number of women are bringing to you their impressions of the meeting. They share with your editor the regret that many readers could not have seen and heard and felt what we had the privilege of experiencing.

Our Hostesses

MRS. E. J. F. DETTBARN
Baltimore, Md.

For two years women of our Church have been looking forward to the First General Meeting of The Women's Guild. Likewise, the members of the churches in the Louisville area have been looking forward and planning for this great event. And what planning and preparing it has been! Eighteen hundred Evangelical and Reformed women becoming Convention-minded so as to be able to extend a hearty welcome to Louisville, the "Gateway to the South!"

Everywhere, at all times during the convention, the work of the local committee made itself evident. Mrs. J. C. Wagner, the efficient chairman had worked tirelessly to perfect a splendid organization of workers. What this meant to her in time, thought and effort only she will

know, but we know that she has the sincere thanks and gratitude of everyone who attended the convention.

The first evidence of this gracious Southern hospitality came shortly after arrival when in response to a knock at the hotel door, a member of the local committee, introducing herself with a delightful little speech of welcome, presented a luscious big red apple topped by a perfect replica of a little southern "mammy" in red calico, stiff white organdy apron, and the distinctive bandanna. These "mammies", made by hand by the members of the local committee, carried the following message:

Welcome E and R Delegates

Howdy, Folks, we welcome you,
You're now in "old Kaintuck",
The State of hospitality,
And we wish you luck.

It's here the sun shines brightest
And all are happy and gay;
So smile while you're here and be happy,
We don't get to meet every day.
We present you with this apple
To keep the doctor from your door;
And if "an apple a day keeps the doctor away,"
Don't hesitate to ask for more.

On the evening of the first day the delegates had been requested to leave by way of the side entrances of the hall. When they returned that night to attend the Kentucky Reception they found the entrance transformed into a lovely Southern veranda, its columns entwined with beautiful wisteria and southern smilax. Upon entering this stately colonial "mansion" one came upon a receiving line of gracious ladies, headed by Mrs. J. C. Wagner, the

chairman. Following her were the members of the Administrative Committee of The Women's Guild and the wives of the ministers of the Louisville Area. After exchanging greetings, and little visits here and there, a program of music was presented. Miss Ellen Gardner and the Cecilian Singers entertained with a program of "SONGS BEFO DE WAH" — a most delightful repertoire of arias, duets, solos, and choruses of distinctive appeal, reflecting the atmosphere of the drawing rooms and the cabins of the Old South. In their beautiful costumes, and splendid staging, they were pleasing both to the ear and to the eye. The evening was truly an evidence of real Southern Hospitality.

Services of Worship

MRS. E. E. ZECHIEL
Louisville, Ohio

In a voice low, but beautiful and audible, with a manner gracious and inspiring, with words simple yet powerful, Miss Margaret Applegarth, lecturer and author, and chairman of The World Day of Prayer committee, led the women of the Louisville Convention to great heights of vision and understanding during the three periods of worship. The general theme for the convention "Thy Will Be Done" was developed under the following subjects: "Thy Will — My Will," "Thy Will — a Power for Unity," and "Thy Kingdom Come — Thy Will Be Done."

Miss Applegarth said in substance and in part: Joy, a great root and factor of our lives was planted in our hearts in the Garden of Eden. Trouble in the Garden came from a testing of that joy. Christ said He came that our joy might be full. Deep joy is written in the law of the universe. Notice children playing, or animals gamboling or birds singing. If now we find ourselves without that satisfying joy, where did we lose it? When did that fine radiance vanish from our faces? Sometimes disappointments are too great for us to bear. Sometimes success is too hard to stand. Mussolini once asked a famous

chemist: "Which gas is the most dangerous?" The chemist replied: "Incense burned to oneself." Sometimes a desire to be too comfortable puts the cork in the bottle of fragrance of our lives. Listen to the testimony of a Neimuller from detention camp or Kagawa from prison saying, "How can I complain when so many people are working in my place?" Sometimes the will of God is shut out of our lives because of jealousy, the only sin which has no compensation, by our tempers which should be Christianized or by prejudice which has been defined as merely "being down on what you are not up on."

When we have uncorked the bottle of fragrance of our lives, a new power is set forth. All the world is looking at the atom, to discover it, to understand its power; so too in our hearts are the atoms of power which, if connected with the current, will be a force to save the world. Electricity gives us heat, it gives us light, it runs our machinery, but what a pity if we use our telephones only to call the police or the fire department. What is the ocean but a drop of water and another drop and another working in unison? So is the Kingdom of God — a power of love

in our hearts generated by working together.

The spikenard is a plant growing in the jungles of India. All you need to do to make it fragrant is to jostle it. How like ourselves. When shaken out of our ap-

parent ease and luxury, when jostled like the spikenard of India then, to greater advantage can we wield the gigantic power of full joy of heart and radiance of life, which should be the primary purpose of the Christian women.

Business Sessions

ELISA M. HERZOG
Belleville, Ill.

With Mrs. F. W. Leich presiding there was no semblance of tediousness in the transaction of business because the program was so arranged that matters related to the business were interspersed with the business. Among such were Greetings from various boards of the Church. In the Greetings from The Churchman's Brotherhood, Executive Secretary, Rev. E. J. Westerbeck called to mind that The Churchman's Brotherhood, successor to The Evangelical Brotherhood, was organized twenty-eight years ago at Louisville.

Dr. L. W. Goebel, President of the Church, in his opening address applied the phrase "Servants of Good" as indicating the assemblage gathered at Louisville. The subject of his address was "As Servants of God". He called upon every woman to dedicate herself to the undergirding of the entire program. The group had stood to recognize Dr. Goebel. It again rose to accept the demands made upon them as Christian women. The Constitution of The Women's Guild, after being duly presented and discussed was adopted. In the process of adopting this Constitution and approving the suggested constitutions for the Synodical, Regional and Local Women's Guilds, the members of the Convention realized to some degree the arduous task which this "labor of love" had been. In the prayer which climaxed the momentous moment of the Adoption of the Constitution there was petition that every woman be kept mindful of the fact that a very real portion of His Kingdom rests in her hands.

The Challenge and Thank Offering, by which the accepted projects of National and International Missions shall receive

support, was read and discussed. Proposed Promotional allocations were carefully studied. On the Handbook and Program appeared for the first time the new emblem, symbolic of sacrifice and service. Among the recommendations adopted was that there shall be one office and one depository — the office and depository to be located in Cleveland, Ohio. This office shall be officially opened February 1st, 1942. Two invitations for the 1945 Convention were received, one from Chicago, the other from Philadelphia. Both were referred to the Board of Directors.

Officers elected for the quadrennium are: President, Mrs. Hugo Schuessler, Evansville, Ind.; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Jesse R. Mengel, Reading, Pa.; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. V. J. Bartell, Detroit, Michigan; 3rd Vice-President, Mrs. E. Roy Corman, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; 4th Vice-President, Mrs. P. H. Lane, New Orleans, La.; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Wm. J. Halfter, Louisville, Ky.; Treasurer, Miss Mathilde Berg, Milwaukee, Wis.

Most significant of the many resolutions were the following: "Be it resolved that we, the women of the Church of God direct our thoughts and study toward the reconstruction of the world on a Christian pattern, and call our churches to a serious consideration of the basis for a just and durable peace.

"Be it further resolved that we petition all women of the Church to steadfastly pray that the leaders of our nation be guided by Christian principles and thus lead us through Christian Brotherhood to permanent world peace.

"Whereas the suffering of the masses of mankind is probably greater today than

it has ever been in world history, and whereas the channels for help to these people in distress are open to us through War Emergency Relief, and whereas the giving of help is not only a Christian obligation, but one of the few constructive efforts operating in the world today to

draw men more closely into Christian unity and peace, be it resolved that the Women's Guild endorse the program of the War Emergency Relief Commission and do everything in its power to lay upon the conscience of the Church this challenge of world suffering."

Departments of Work

MRS. PAUL G. FRANKENFELD
Buffalo, N. Y.

A radio program representing the departments of The Women's Guild was presented as being broadcast from station WGER. Mrs. Waldemar Goffeney, announcer. The program was designed to acquaint the women with the large possibilities of working through the various departments: Membership, Education, Christian Citizenship, Social Service, Stewardship, Missionary, Thank Offering, Spiritual Life, Girls' Guild.

A large electric, standing map of the United States was used to indicate the mission stations and the educational and benevolent Institutions of the Church. It

was arranged so that flashing of white lights showed the locations of our educational institutions; red lights, the mission stations, yellow lights the benevolent Institutions, green lights, interdenominational cooperation. The script was assembled by Miss Sara Jo Schilling from the manuscripts prepared by the women who interpreted the work of the various departments. This insured variety in the methods used. . . . Behind the microphones were voices and behind the voices was the thinking of women who had used the methods of which she spoke. What a great field lies open for use!

A Christian Ambassador's Council

MARY V. HOFFHEINS
Carlisle, Pa.

Following a dinner at St. Matthew's Church, the Rev. Wm. J. Halfter, pastor, A Christian Ambassador's Council was held in the gymnasium of the church. The stage was attractively arranged. Flags displayed on the large table around which the "ambassadors" sat, represented the countries whose mission needs were discussed: The Stars and Stripes, the needs of the mission stations in the United States. David D. Baker, D.D., presided. Participating in the discussions were Dr. J. Frank

Bucher, China; Miss Elise Goepfard, Honduras; Mrs. M. P. Albrecht, India; Rev. J. C. Glessner, Iraq; Dr. C. D. Kriete, Japan; Rev. Clair V. Rhoads and Rev. H. F. J. Rest, City Work; Rev. Benj. Stucki, the American Indian; Rev. Vincent Bucher, Ozark Mountain missions; Miss Sarah Kalassay, Deaconess Work.

In this conversational method much information was brought to bear on the needs of the peoples who must look to the Church if help is to be available.

For November: First Church, Philadelphia leads with the largest number of individual subscriptions—ten; Grace Church, Akron, Ohio, has second largest addition, seven.

Louisville Area Guild Girls Are Hostesses

EVELYN GLAZIER HENZEL
Glenside, Pa.

How hospitably the members of the Girls' Guild entertained us! With Miss Rae Alben in charge of arrangements and Mrs. John Haeffer toastmistress, the supper interval on Wednesday was a happy hour for the eighty or more Guild girls who enjoyed the Guild supper; and an occasion with precious memories for the nineteen Guild delegates who were the guests of the Louisville Area Guild Girls. The dinner, the atmospheric favors, the fellowship, the pleasant surroundings of Canary Cottage,—one of Louisville's famous tea rooms,—were a combination which broke down reserve and stimulated real friendliness. The girls were delighted to have Mrs. Leich and Miss Heinmiller in their midst and heard with much interest the challenges to accept not only the privileges but the responsibilities as participants in this, the first general meeting of The Women's Guild.

The theme of a poem, read by the toastmistress, further impressed this responsibility upon us as it likened the young people to young trees which must be planted upon the mountainside to root and grow, to eventually take the place of older, stronger trees which are being cut down.

It was a rare treat to listen to Miss Applegarth as she brought a message on "Cutting Private World Circles for Ourselves." She said in part: Too often we cut circles outlined with compasses, but not the type

of compass that gets us anywhere. In our selfishness we cut our private circles of home, society, church, business, race, nation. Each circle holds our own impress. When I was a child I made a gift for my father—a case for his razor and brush. With tiny, carefully made stitches I outlined a razor and brush on the cover. With special care, around its edge I outlined this sentiment "When this you see, remember me." To my embarrassment by the time it was finished it was too small to hold the razor and brush for which it had been made. All the years we lived in that house it hung useless on a bathroom nail. So with our cut-out private world circles, they are likely to be too small to be of any use to our Heavenly Father. The cloth of life has been cut and the circles cannot be made into anything large enough to admit Jesus Christ. In the wake of our mistake we attempt to fasten these circles together with pins — only to find they are sharp on the ends and go only as far as the head. . . . Let us break away from conformity bred from selfishness — let us allow our material to remain in one piece!

This stirring message deepened our appreciation for the opportunities which lie in the fellowship of Guild Girls. We reluctantly bid adieu to our fine hostesses of Louisville!

The Holy Communion

MRS. FRED F. BERRY
Wood River, Ill.

The Candle-light Communion Service on the morning of November 6th will long remain a blessed memory in the heart and mind of each woman present.

Historic St. John's Church furnished an ideal setting. The early morning light filtering through the beautiful stained glass windows shed a mellow glow over the

assemblage of a thousand women gathered together for an hour of devotion and re-consecration to their Master through the Holy Communion service.

The hospitality of the many Evangelical and Reformed Churches in Louisville and vicinity was manifested in the attention of the ushers who were members of Girls'

Missionary Guilds and in the beautiful anthem rendered by the Women's Choir composed of members of the various choirs.

Rev. Theodore S. Schlundt, Jr., pastor of St. John's Church, led a meditation on the Convention theme—"Thy Will be Done"—Not Resignation but Resolution." Dr. L. W. Goebel, conducted the Altar and Preparation Service. Rev. John Perl, President of the Louisville Ministerial Association, consecrated the offering which was designated for War Emergency Relief of the Church.

The spirit of unity and cooperation manifested through the convention was further

portrayed in the service of the eighteen ministers of Louisville and vicinity who gathered around the altar to receive the Bread and Cup to be distributed to the women in the pews. As this large congregation of women partook of this Love Feast a wonderful spirit indicating the very Presence of God was felt throughout the Church. May the spirit abide with the partakers of this Holy Communion so that it may be carried by them to their sisters in the many churches represented and to their sisters in the mission fields around the world.

The Fellowship Dinner and Constitutional Ceremony

HELEN NOTT
Milwaukee, Wis.

AFTER the breaking of bread together in a beautiful fellowship and listening to the inspired music of a Beethoven String Quartette, Mrs. Welthy Honsinger Fisher in an address, "A Christian American Woman Looks at the World", laid upon our hearts our responsibility as Christian women. She reminded us of the fact that ours is the only country where such a meeting as we had experienced could be possible, she commended us for doing the only thing a Christian woman can do at such a time as this—equip ourselves for service, and exhorted us to remember that God did not place us here to manage the world but to respond to the cry of the womanhood of the world.

The Constitutional Ceremony arranged and directed by Mrs. Wm. J. Halfter, closed this memorable meeting. The 499 delegates set their hand and seal to the document which they had adopted on Wednes-

day; the large number of visitors signed these pages as witnesses. The gold and blue quill pens, that had ornamented the banquet tables were used for the signatures and retained as souvenirs. Seven ushers gathered the pages with the signatures and placed them upon the altar. Mrs. Hugo Schuessler led in prayer asking God to grant His blessing and place His seal of approval upon this human document so that it may become a sacred covenant. Dr. Louis W. Goebel pronounced the benediction—

"that God would strengthen us by His Spirit; that Christ would dwell in our hearts by faith; that we would be filled with the fulness of God and that unto Him be the glory in the church throughout all the ages. Amen.

*It was truly a hallowed hour
It was surely a sacred tryst.*

(Continued from Page 336)

What a queer thing to find, I thought. It reminded me of the Japanese boy who had been in the next bed to me at the hospital last winter. One day he climbed into my bed and most earnestly queried, "Do my eyes both move? Do both eyes move the

same way?" For the first time I realized with a shock that the little boy had been fitted with a glass eye. "Oh, yes, they move. They both move the same," I answered as I looked into his eyes. Could this glass eye possibly belong to that boy?

Momentum for the Meeting

Materials and Methods
CARRIE M. KERSCHNER

PRAYER CALENDARS. Prayer Calendars; materials for Packets for Programs; carton upon carton filled with Calls, Posters and Programs for the World Day of Prayer; thousands upon thousands of "The Women's Guild" everywhere, everywhere! All these are reminders that it is time to wish all of our patrons a Christ-like observance of Christmas. "The thought of others" should be uppermost in the hearts of Christians, especially those of us who reside in the United States of America.

Christmas cards may be scarce. Why not use the ones prepared by the Migrant Committee, the work of which is near and dear to all of us. Send \$1.00 to Home Missions Council, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York, New York, for each dozen of the Migrant Christmas Cards ordered.

Prayer Calendars for 1942 — The Distributing Offices of The Women's Guild, 416 Schaff Building, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., 2969 West 25th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, and 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, have an ample supply. Order Prayer Calendars at once as you will need them for your January meeting. All will want to join in the Fellowship of Prayer as listed in the programs for monthly meetings. Be ready for your January meeting. Calendars are 15c each, \$1.50 per dozen in lots of 12 or more. They are pocket-book-size. We are all glad of that. The Women's Guild emblem adorns the cover page. The Calendar is in blue and gold—Women's Guild colors.

Emblems of The Women's Guild—in 10-karat solid gold \$2.25; in 10-karat gold-filled \$1.00; yellow gold plate 50c. Wear the emblem of your new organization!

Program Materials—consult the November OUTLOOK OF MISSIONS or the order blank sent to the president of every woman's society—whose name was on the mailing list—for a description. Price of Packets for Programs (3 types) \$1.00 each.

Bible Book a Month Circle Bookmarks—lovely new ones that will attract the attention of everyone to whom they are given are 10c per dozen.

Reading Course Lists — new, effective January to December, 1942, are ready. 5c per dozen, part payment of cost.

Thank Offering Boxes—most attractive for use by both women and girls—are ready. A contribution of 1c each toward cost of boxes (which includes overhead of handling) should accompany every order. This may be a new procedure for some of our groups but the cooperation of everyone is solicited.

For January Meeting—if you are using the suggested missionary programs at the January, February, March and April meetings—order the book, "The Christian Imperative: Our Contribution to World Order". at once, it is 60c, paper.

World Day of Prayer Materials—order your supply now. Programs 2c each, \$2.00 per 100; Posters 5c each. Calls free with each order of programs.

By the time these words are read the spirit of Yuletide will be in the air. That it may be wafted into the heart of each reader is our sincere prayer.

Order any of the material mentioned from the Distributing Office nearest you: The Women's Guild, 416 Schaff Building, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; 2969 West 25th Street, Cleveland, Ohio; 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Club Subscriptions have been received as follows: Thirteen, Waukegan, Ill.; ten, New Philadelphia, Ohio, and ten from Johnstown, Pa. . . . When a woman "takes it upon herself" to get subscriptions, the above results are bound to happen.

Idle Money

IDLE MONEY, LIKE IDLE MEN, IS UNCOMFORTABLE AND UNHAPPY

MEN WANT EMPLOYMENT. SO DOES MONEY. Put your money to work through an Annuity Agreement of the Board of International Missions.

MEN WANT PERMANENCY. SO DOES MONEY. The International Missions Annuity Agreement is an investment in eternal values.

MEN WANT A GUARANTEE AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT. SO DOES MONEY. The International Missions Annuity Gift will guarantee to the donors that their money will work in all future years for Christ's kingdom, through the missionaries of the Church.

MEN WANT TO SERVE IN A GREAT CAUSE. SO DOES MONEY. What greater thing than the preaching of the gospel in all the world?

MEN WANT TO LIVE ON. SO DOES MONEY. Men may live on after death through their Annuity Gifts to the Board of International Missions—for when their own voices are silent on earth, they will live on in the gospel messages of the missionaries whom they are helping to support.

For Information Address

BOARD OF INTERNATIONAL MISSIONS Evangelical and Reformed Church

Eastern Office:

**1505 RACE STREET
Philadelphia, Penna.**

**A. V. CASSELMAN
Executive Secretary**

Western Office:

**1720 CHOUTEAU AVENUE
St. Louis, Mo.**

**F. A. GOETSCH
Executive Secretary**

Now More Than Ever We Need to Remember

That . . .

The need of the world for Christ and His Gospel is desperate.

There is nothing in the present world crisis which invalidates one single claim of Jesus Christ.

There is only one world-wide agency functioning internationally and that is the missionary enterprise of the Christian Church.

There must be "no black-out of the cross" today.

Your missionaries need your prayerful undergirding support.

The Board of International Missions needs many special and liberal gifts to meet the emergency needs of the world crisis.

Season of Emphasis

By action of the General Synod the period from January 6 to February 8 is set apart as a Season of Emphasis for International Missions when the whole Church should give major attention to the world-wide missionary enterprise. The Board of International Missions will furnish the congregations of the Church with interesting and adequate material for the observance of this season.

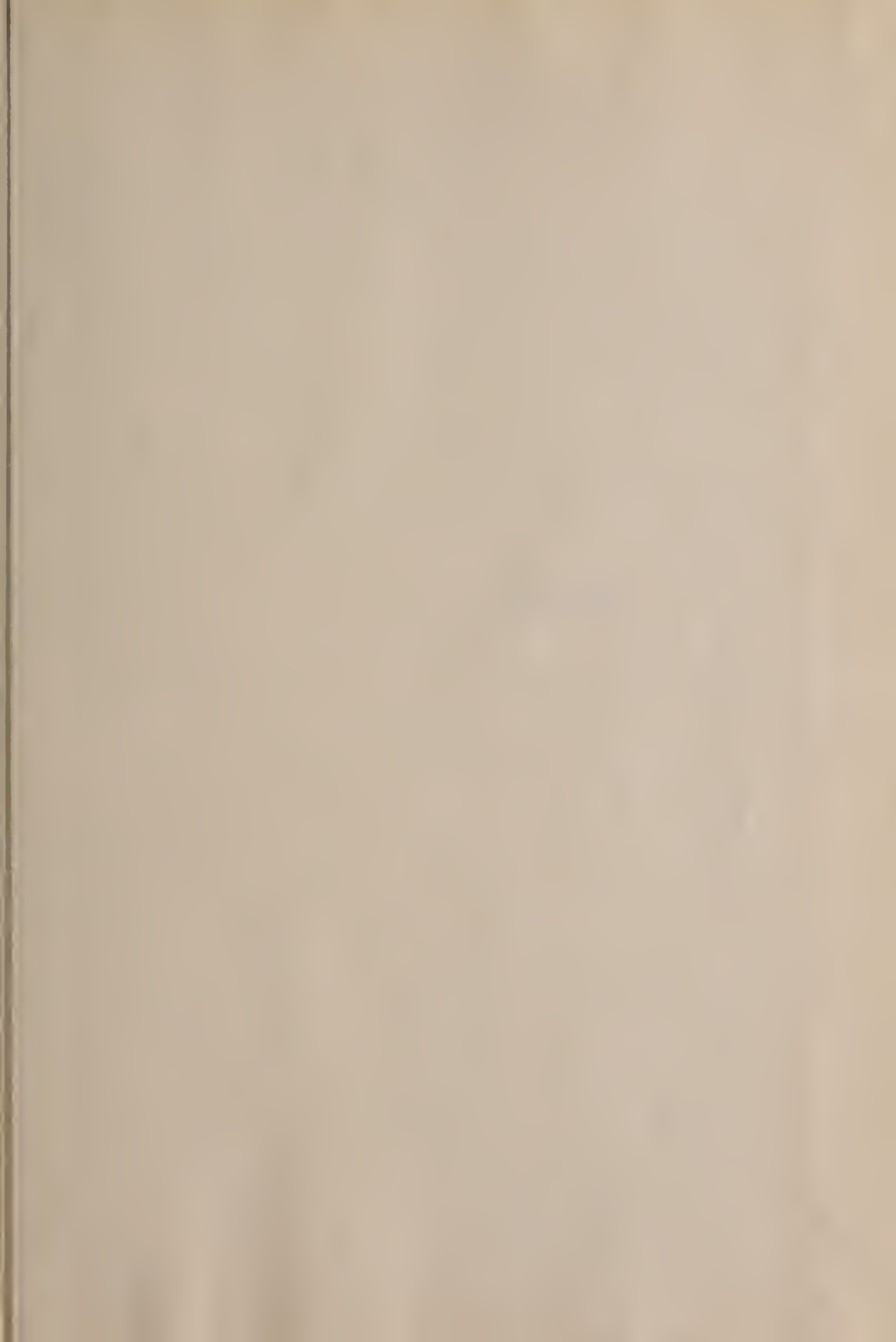
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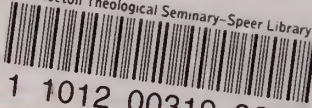


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